PARTY FOULS

AND OTHER ATROCITIES

By Jeff Callaway

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Party Fouls and Other Atrocities

Prologue

On a summer's day if you head west from Waco on Highway 31 you'll notice a change when you get near the Trinity River. The open skied landscape of blackland cotton fields and mesquite trees turns into a land of proud tall oaks that hem the horizon.

By the time you reach Malakoff, a grander cathedral of life surrounds and its lush abundance offers the promise of Eden's embrace.

But when the sun sets, the summer heat swells from the ground and closes your attention from Eden's promise to just the beads of sweat rolling down your skin. The hopeful proud branches to the sun bleed into a black silhouette cage against the dying light. Confidence withers and the light dies.

Its replaced with a particular fear and loneliness that to this day I can only attribute to this area, but perhaps is common to all hot wooded horizonless places, a desperate feeling only partially washed away by music, inebriation & passion.

You've entered an East Texas night. When the civilized white columns of the Baptist church and Courthouse shine less bright, other forces creep up from the rolling muddy waters of the Trinity and in from the whispering stoic pines around the Neches.

It's the gentle hum of registers in Caney City when Henderson County is buying their beer and liquor. It's the boisterous and seditious rancor of a bar-b-que joint in Moore's Station or a lakeside bar in Gun Barrel City. It's the defiant and reckless whiskey fueled Saturday night at Coal Miners, the debauched drug fueled dalliances at Tyler's Time Out Club or the drunken fistfights in dark fields around bonfires. It's the quite wind and starry night along a forgotten backroad.

And then the sun rises.

From this clamor betwixt light and dark the blood and sinew of Jeff Callaway and his poets soul was born.

Origins of Party Foul

Jeff's spirit encapsulates both the hope and the doubt of this place in East Texas. Jeff's mother was a schoolteacher and in

high school he both played football and was the senior class vice president. But while he thrived in the above ground world of social clubs and strode in the life of an all-American, the pull of the dark wilds captivated his poet's heart like a siren song.

The mystery of the dark and nostalgic loneliness underneath the surface of the everyday was too enticing not to dive into. Around him he found the writhings of Ginsberg's *Howl* swirling not off the streets of New York in 1955 but off the blacktop backroads of East Texas in 1995. The drink, the drugs, and wild spirited friends were all willing participants to his existential explorations into the infinities of raindrops and hot embraces. In bars and forgotten corners too many heroes and madmen lived amongst one another with stories untold. Tearing though Beat writings and by connection Rimbaud 19th century poetry and letters, he took these words to heart:

> I say it is necessary to be a voyant, make oneself a voyant. The Poet makes himself a voyant by a long, immense and rational derangement of all the senses. All the forms of love, suffering, and madness. He searches himself. He exhausts all poisons in himself and keeps only their quintessences. He is responsible for humanity, for animals even. He will have to make his inventions smelt, touched, and heard. A language must be found.
>
> – Rimbaud 1871

Jeff dove deeply into Rimbaud's voyant and the road to Party Fouls and Other Atrocities was begun.

On a warm spring night in 2000 Jeff Callaway was arrested for contraband on a lonely & lush stretch of Hwy 175 outside of Athens, Texas. His feet still wet with dew. He was 23. The prohibited possessions he carried are common in the fertile fields of East Texas, spread like manna amongst lightly forested cow pastures, Psilocybin mushrooms.

The simplicity of this fungi belie their potential to delight, to dazzle and to madden. They can both broaden and bewitch the mind but one cannot ignore the profundity and peace they can awaken in a searching soul.

For this fungus transgression Jeff was immediately wedded by jail and probation to the hard times of Cedar Creek Lake's

backwaters for the remainder of his youth and eventually hard time in the Texas penitentiary system.

Before his last and longest time in prison came due, Jeff skipped out on his court date and escaped to Austin, Texas's cosmopolitan oasis, to ply the ears of the receptive with his hard wrought words. He found mentorship with fellow poets, came to parting terms with his addictions and found listeners amongst the city's eclectic rabble. He also found his voice and his language. In 2005 on route to a reading amongst fellow Texas Poets at Forest Fest in La Mesa the law caught up to him outside of San Angelo.

Jeff was now a redeemed man drug back into his past for his crimes of possession. But this time Jeff's feet were dry and he went back in with his eyes wide open.

In prison he honed and rewrote his poems, many from memory and perfected his delivery to his fellow inmates. He wrote new poems of East Texas and new poems of Austin. To his cellmate he became "The Poet". Those that listened were stunned that something as antique as poetry could give voice to the celebrations and tragedies from their anonymous paths. His dark and light poems gave unspoken and unsanctified experiences a value in a land where the sufferance of silence rages king.

Texas Outlaw Press was started by Jeff and myself during his first time in the TDCJ system and went into full gear during his last and longest stint in prison, the summer of 2005. We published 5 chapbooks and one compilation, *Hotter than a Four Balled Tomcat*, *Rode Hard and Put up Wet*, *Satori in Paris Texas*, *On the Outskirts of Madness and Behind the Eightball*. *Party Fouls and Other Atrocities* is the first compilation and contains Jeff's voyant poems that peer, frolick and weep into the darker side of life in Henderson County. Many revel in the sublime of friendship, raucous camaraderie and estatic love. Scattered in are a couple of ribald and inglorious poems about Austin's environs.

Party Fouls and Other Atrocities is an incarnate collection of bounty & schisms, beauty & horrors, and glory & hypocrisies. So as you embark, get ready to get low, get high and cry out the giant "yawp" into the East Texas night.

– John-Paxton Gremillion

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this book is dedicated to the memory of
Mylan Waggoner
July 28, 1974 - April 5, 2011

THE INVINCIBLES

way back then
when we were hell-bent
on disaster and sin
we picked out splinters heaven sent
we were late for a soirée
smacking on paté
with the hair on our heads unkempt
and so we swallowed the blues
with our bad attitudes
we searched for something new
through a million streets we cruised
and then we threw
all of our fears into the fire flame blue
dancing on the edge of life's knife in death's tomb
in search of a way to get higher we zoomed
as the acid rock boomed
on the radio
the vibe in the street was so hip
the acid rock was on the radio
while we got high and had our kicks
but the chicks they all knew it too
that we were pagan
through and through
and we knew
what it was we wanted to do
was to embrace all our passions
and darkest desires
to leave rubber on the road
from our smoking tires
to feed love's bonfire if not funeral pyre
play light my fire
to laugh and love much higher
deep inside
our hearts and our heads burned that fire
which sleeps fast to be
put to bed
to live a full life before you are dead
for your days in this world
will soon come to pass
so take a deep breath
before it's your last

POETRY OF FREEDOM

today
is the poetry of freedom
and my head it's reeling
from drinking cheap tequila
and staring at the spinning ceiling
but i've got a good feeling
even though i'm hung over
and my stomach is empty
but i'm dealing
'cause i got a half a pack of GPC's
and i got this poetry reading this evening
and the most gorgeous girl laying by my side
who sighs my name so gently
and i know that everything is going to work out
eventually
but i'm withdrawing
and i'm shaking
and i'm fidgeting
from this reckless abandon of the night before
and i am an East Texas dope whore
but i won't let you shut that door
i'll just keep knocking 'til you let me in
for i long to infect you with my sin
and today the poetry of freedom is in
so i'll say all that i want to say
with all my somber words with shots of whiskey
and all of these whiskey awakenings
to the poetry of freedom
overlooking my doom
and opening doors to words and walking through
tagging meanings to my mere thoughts
like tags on the bottles at the liquor store
but it's so much more...

i sound my barbaric yawp across
a dusty bar room floor...

for i am the voice of every drunk and every
whore
who deserves to be heard
and so please give me more of these words
for only a few would be for the birds
and today is the poetry of freedom
so be free for sure
for today
the poetry of freedom
is getting you drunk
and getting you laid

and making you dance
or laugh
or pass out

BALLAD

Kara met Kane
one frozen Friday night
on Sixth Street in the rain
standing outside of a pool hall
called The Ritz
in wait of a taxi in vain
mixed drinks raced through her brain
like foredoomed freight trains
on a night out with the girls gone insane
with Penny and Jenny and Jane
singing a bluesy refrain
under the Austin, Texas skyline i love
lit all glowing with golden and gray
as life came into focus
the very first time
that Kara laid eyes
on Kane...

to hallucinate
through her mind's eye
in utter disbelief
the sweetest vision of her future husband
in a white wedding day dream
all of this could be seen
all this marital scenery
with heart shaped candy eruptions
coming right up out of Sixth Street
as Kara conceived
their very own children
like bleached ivory babies
tied to honeymoon balloons
by umbilical strings
with a lifetime of fond memories
as Al Green sings
a two story pink
house with a big red door
and a gold two karat diamond ring
and all of this in just one moment
Kara did magically see
that Kane was the man of her dreams...

back into reality
where he stood outside of a pizza place
just a few feet further down the street
wearing a black leather jacket
and smoking a Swisher Sweet
you could smell the pepperoni
you could smell the anchovies
under the pizzeria awning
drinking a Pepsi
eating thick slices of three cheese
on that drunken misty late Friday night
when Kara and Kane
did meet...

skin is symphony
and sugar is sweet
so they made love for six straight weeks
and i swear
you could see it both of their eyes
that never ever in their lives
had they ever felt
oh so alive
and it's so nice
when life is like a surprise
when love is an effortless sacrifice
you pay the price
sometimes
for the flesh inside the thighs to flush
Kara and Kane became addicted to that rush
to the injection of just a touch
you can never get enough
one night they had sex on a city bus
Kara went wild when Kane rushed
'cause adrenaline is a drug
and so the next night they bought some guns
and just for fun
they robbed a bank
and went on the run
and it's all big fun
until the Austin Police come
run Kara and Kane run
'cause The Man is going to want some
blood
and when the levee breaks
here comes the
flood...

but first
let me remember her
the way she was

raven haired child of the sun
with cerulean eyes
and i can't lie
even i fantasized
her hyacinth hips hypnotized
her lavender lips never lied
she would've made a fine poet's bride
she was a vixen with verve and her vibrant vibe
she was Venus in a velum of vice
and i'll never forget what she told me this one night
that everyday is like
the high dive
so you might as well
jump...

north
on Lamar
in Kane's '65 GTO
with the motor roaring and raring to go
they left a blue flame
all the way back to the Colorado
a wake of squad cars, sirens
red and blue lights all a glow
you could here Kara's .45 Taurus unload
her bullets blazed out the passenger side window
a cop car hit the ditch
another cop car rolled
one cruiser even ran into
a telephone pole
a mushroom cloud of fire explodes
go Kara and Kane go
leave rubber on the road
just like life is the last picture show
around curves
and over hills
over long winding roads
go...

up
atop
majestic
Mount Bonnell
where mocking birds dwell
as legend tells
of an Amerind princess
and her lover who once fell
from their very own romantic hell
up above a vista view
of such a wide expanse
of both time and land

and from that same mythic peek
so mystic and grand
with gun in hand
Kara and Kane prepared to make
their final stand
even though they knew that
The Man had the upper hand
they still had a plan
and so as long as they had those cops out ran
and as they waited for the police to arrive
they made sweet love on that mountain side
as if they had not a thing to hide
from this cruel world
or that night sky
and as the sirens began to wail and cry nearby
as they stood naked surrounded by sky
on that rocky precipice
Kara gave Kane just one last kiss
at the approach of those
combat booted feet
hand in hand
in one lover's leap
they did jump
down.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MADNESS

stoned
and de-throned
    left out on the back porch
all alone
on the outskirts of madness
    in this my season of sadness
this song is just about this
schizophrenia I have witnessed
guys running around in trench coats
    with sunglasses on
strange things happening on the neighbor's lawn
gone voices mumble in my ear 'til dawn
    but no
it's was only the T.V.
    6am cocaine nightmares tease me
rats in the kitchen
bats in the belfry
    it's dawn and i'm still awake
the madness ensues
on the outskirts of madness

things are strange outside
these people staring at me
through the cracks in the blinds
must want me to see all these strange things
i'm telling you it's strange
did someone just knock at the door?
no, really lock the door
please, i'm scared
Devil is in the barn
dog don't want to go out and play
the wind is crying it's a dark day
i'm skitzin'
on the windows
at the games the light and the shadows play
and the games that one's ears play
on that third day
when i think someone is here
but they're really in the neighbor's driveway
i stare at these windows
for days with nothing to say
but
welcome to Speeder Freak Lake
welcome to the outskirts of madness
welcome to a season in hell
that is my sadness
as well as my
sanctuary

RODE HARD AND PUT UP WET

i've been rode hard
and put up wet a many a night
by dirty gin martinis
by fine moonshine
by the crucifix neon signs
of the bible belt of East Texas
where the liquor is always thicker
in one of those wet counties
and it always seems to find me quicker
over on the other side of the tracks
but back to what i was saying
i've been rode hard and put up wet
a many a night...

i've seen the likes of mystics
madmen
six naked men on bikes

in downtown San Francisco
i've seen the likes of speedfreak succubus angels
creeping like snakes inside my beer bottles
listening to Radiohead, reggae
redneck romantics
who had also been rode hard and put up wet
i've written poems which i've put away
until now
and poems i put to you
today...

i've seen the rain
from a train
from a Greyhound window
from a plane
i've seen the night inked in a blanket of fog
and i've sat and admired the moon from a hollow log
i've rolled my bones and joints
through cellar doors
through the Celis Brewery
through the celestial stars over California beaches
i love to eat the sweetest little peaches
i've read at Big Sur
i've loved English teachers
i love the sea
i love this poem that rages in me
i've combed the seashores
i've slept on floors
i've been locked behind bars and i've been free
i've been in a horrible mad raging sea
i've slept under the trees
i've watched evil TV's
and i've seen
the sunrise the sunset
and all of these wonderful people i've met
who have also been
rode hard and put wet...

i've been drunk and just went to bed
i've been underfed
i've had sex drenched in sweat and i've bled
i've thought for sure that i was dead
i've thought for sure the sun would not rise again
and i've made friends and i've made love
i've cried and prayed to the lord up above
i've felt and held in the beds of my lovers
endless nights of soft flesh
wrapped in covers
under Texas skies
beside cheerleader's thighs

in smoky rooms
the scent of northern lights
and i've made love on through the night
and into the day
but what i really wanted to say
was i've been rode hard and put up wet
a many a night...

HOLE IN THE WALL

dollar drafts
on Monday night
at the Hole In The Wall
after fallen light
after i read my poetry at The Hideout
i head out
through drunken Austin streets to drink
at my home away from home
and i chase the little skirts
these desserts to which i'm known
i've grown to love their taste and to make them my own
in a sea of cigarette butts
and lipstick lies
which link me to jukeboxes, junkies
and Jessica's thighs ...

i'm welcome in this house of social disorder
and neon signs...

dyed black hair
milky white thighs
alcoholic fantasies disguise
the shine of dollar pints
and wanton sinful eyes...

the coldest jager in town
reminds me of Alaska...

so i wink instead of ask her
she grabs my ass as i walk by
these college girls have no need to lie
and poets have so much to say
and both of us possess the need
to get drunk and get laid...

so Waldo pour us up another drink

and i'll make another toast to make us think
and sink into dirty bar room dreams
my Jim Beam logic cannot convey...

the Hole In The Wall makes me feel so fine
the Hole In The Wall has inspired these lines
the Hole In The Wall no cover anytime
the Hole In The Wall where i spend my dimes
and find my dames...

the Hole In The Wall is its name...

the Austin Chronicles sexiest bartenders remain...

at the Hole In The Wall...

my casting call...

to debauchery

THE GREATEST POEMS OF ALL

the greatest poems
are never written down
but lonely and forgotten
before a pen can be found
the greatest poems never find the ink
in the time it takes you to think
slowly with time they fade
and face the guillotine
of jilted poems and unrequited lovers
or glued to my own vague memory
of what could've been
if only i'd had a pen
and the recollection to keep repeating
what it was i was trying to say...

the greatest poems are girls who pour Dewar's on the rocks
down their breasts with a splash of water
as i drink it off...

the greatest poems lick the ink from the tip of my idea...

the greatest poems of all
get drunk from the bottle
straight no chaser
no requiem for a dream

no teen queen Chinese angels on the silver screen
no Hollywood Homecoming Queens
leaping side to side in ecstasy
or just beautiful girls who once gave me their phone numbers
or girls back in high school who kissed me
and later became strippers
midnight sirens to madness
mad drunker bar room brawls
bras, panties, imported beer...

the greatest poems of all
who put my drinks on their tab
and heavenly broads who brought me elixirs
which i did drink down into myself
the likes of absinthe sugar laudanum
or i read the Rhyme Of The Ancient Mariner
mad at midnight
typing poems furiously
towards glory or mayhem or maybe
for nothing at all
or maybe just for
the greatest poems of all...

so here here to the greatest poems of all...

to bikini contests
to Bikini Kill
to Bukowski
to Rimbaud and other roughnecks
to the wet t-shirts at Cedar Isle
and to the Cedar Creek Lake rememberers
who still remember all
of the greatest poems of all...

to Siberian Huskies named Marley
who lived in Dallas, Texas with Dirty Phil
and to Dirty Phil
to pain and pills and poems
to words that slide into lyrical oblivion
sometimes these can be the greatest poems of all times
dare i say the better poems that can rise
from poets here today
like drunken ramblings
drunken one nighters
far beyond driven drunk drivers and Dracula
no more drama
but more hot actresses
sexy angel poetess
prostitutes
politics

to the Texas Outlaw Press
and to all of the greatest poems of all...

to Polly to Pam to the paranormal...

to the ghosts of the greatest poems of all...

to the ghouls
to the Grim Reaper
to death
and it's poetic casting call for us all...

i'd like to give a shout out
to the gangsters of the ghettos of Grand Prairie
to the hypodermic hipsters of Plano
who never made it
never got to hear the greatest poems of all...

to poems that got kicked out of Magnolia
for chunking saltshakers
fat jokes
plastic chairs
who never sweat the petty shit but always pet the sweaty shit
from shinola to shangri-la
from 26th and San Gabriel
to the angel Gabriel
from trumpets to cherubim...

to these crazy insane hot American chicks
who love poets, poems and palm pilots...

to an Austin Poetry Renaissance or to purgatory...

how 'bout another round of drinks
to the greatest poets
and poems of all...

TO: WES BERGGREN

ever so often
someone special comes
along
to touch one million hearts
with the way he strums a song
just like Jesus hits like an atom bomb
to rock the whole house all night long
and the rock show must go

on and on
'cause life is a party from
dusk to dawn
in Dallas, Texas

this humble poem of mine
is just my heartfelt message
to my old friend

who no matter what
was always the same man
he'd always been

Wes Berggren is a Texas legend
and like no other friend

he was a seasoned rock-n-roll veteran
his mind spoke intelligence
his music is relevant
his message so real

but Bill
by Tripping Daisy
is such a great album
although i love every Tripping Daisy album
and so
Wes just let me say today
that i will never forget you
you could've scored more points
than Poison, Prosecution, Pixies
even bands like Spam and Toxic Mickey
and i cry when i hear your wall of fuzz
and i'm sorry i missed you at the Galaxy Club
i guess i'll just go see the Flametrick Subs...

Peggy Suicide wants my body...

but honestly

watch out for piranhas please

i got a girl but who is she?

maybe an elastic firecracker
right on the smacker
your tragiverse with so much to say
your very own sonic world where you could play
whatever you may
but it only takes one eight-ball to ruin your whole day
when you got a Les Paul you got to play

that you played like
piano sex
Plano deaths
on heroin
just for kicks
check out this next lick
someone that i love and miss
can't believe it's the last set list
i will ever witness

with weeping women
leaping to kiss me
even dead nights of exile on Main Street
where i let my walking corpse walk west
just to meet
the morning dew
upon the sonnet of heaven
and love is the message
the measure of men

so let me take a moment
to commemorate Wes Berggren

NEW TEXAS POEMS

new Texas poems
are pleasing to me
just like opium
and so i release these
word cornucopias
just like the dreams
the poppies have flow in them
for all to receive

because poetry is a gift
so will you please open it?
wide open

like the gates of hell
which stand before me
or between me
and all that is freedom
in all of its glory
which is why
i must tell you
my story

from the town to the city
or three doors down the street
i give you the new Texas beat

but would you believe
Anne Sexton was my mother
in some other life
i live so free

now isn't this neat
and isn't it nice to be needed
my poems will need you to read them
my poems were meant for you
to receive them
to know their true meaning
to see their intimate dreamings
while Buddy Holly tunes my Takamini
while i'm glued to the ceiling
and weaving these spider web words
i make it look so easy
and most recently
i held a black widow
in my hands
while i watched Kyle Bailey
burn one million cd's
and Oklahoma Josh got to burn
to be free
drinking Josh Mitchell's
whiskey with sweet tea
or his cream sodas with Jim Beam
and a million midnights on methamphetamine
for endless hours in a Texas penitentiary
that i spent reading
every Katherine Anne Porter
short story
i could find

and i was just trying to kill some time
while i watched her prose come alive
right upon the page that lay before me

i know this sounds crazy
but even these days
she still lives deep inside me
in print where i live so freely
and cleanse my heart
of all poisonous seeds
to feed all of our souls
from my dark black ink
with birds of words
so misunderstood

my misconceptions
must not conceit me
my particular mission
of falling from the sky
i came out of the sky
just to land on my feet
to turn off the TV

to prove Walt Whitman's
words will never die
and nor will mine
but live
in other than
New York City
in the land of the plenty
beat hipsters

but really
i'm just a Texas drifter
and Sylvia Plath is my sister
and so

beyond Uncle Walt
i'm just trying to prove
that new Texas poems
are not doomed
and are not dead
and so i'll say
whatever i want
whatever is in my head
having not slept for four days
nor been fed
and poetry
is not
dead

ELEGY IN OCTOBER

it was in
a gray October of
one long gone year
we both fell in love
way back
when we were both so young
back when i was sunburned
and she was the sun
and she was

the love of my life
she was an angel from above
she was to be my wife
and with a little bit of luck
we would make sweet
love love love
run amok
we supped wine from a loving cup
like two licorice libertines love struck
when something was up
and she was my first
and i was hers
back in that gray October i spoke of
back when her autumn arrhythmias would cause me to erupt
when she was my marigold
she was my macramé angel
softest skin i've ever known
will ever know?
so her skin was a field of snow
and her emerald eyes were a million stories left untold
her saffron curls
of golden swirls the ozone
when i was with her i was home
and i love this babe to the bone
but now she's gone
and she left this world
and all she'd ever known
just like that old Hank William's song
she's long gone
she's long gone
and i am so
alone

CAT'S CRADLE

love
is both
geographical
and it's natural
it's like flirting with disaster
or like a continent of bumpy roads
and you could find a dead end
or a road that could lead you home
and so when in Rome
it's sink or swim i'm told
my friend
sometimes your ship is sailing in
and then

sometimes there can be a long wait
and when
it's an acquired taste
then
the one who endures is the one
who wins
and has more glory than the one who got there late
so you just smile at fate
and then you wave
and you stay happy
'cause life is funnier that way
with all the nursery rhymes
and cat's cradles
for your heart to sort out and say
when love is heaven
but with maps and legends
and hurricanes
sex is an earthquake
so live life in the fast lane
before it's gone in sixty seconds
and everyday sounds like a broken record
record record record
and love is just not working
when you spend some time searching
for a pot of gold in someone's soul
and then you forget the beauty of
the rainbow
and then you're alone on the stage
on opening night
and Romeo and Juliet is the play
but you've forgotten your lines
and you don't know what to say
you've got stage fright
and so you have a heart attack
and you die
and some say that in death
love is the light

HELEN

Helen
was the most beautiful woman
on Cedar Creak Lake
and she made my heartache
when i thought of
all the slow and tender love
that her and i could make
and the lifetimes i would like to take

to make it in
my Helen who was heaven-sent
an angel
who fell to the earth
and took up residence
to show to me what true love meant
and with a little persistence
i had her convinced
to go out with me on our first date
and it was then when we found
this true love was our fate
and that as lovers we were both first rate
and that we shared that
sacred bond
my Helen was a good
good blonde
Goddess on the pedestal i put her upon
juicy and delicious Aphrodite was
an apple with no clothes on
my guilty pleasure just to look upon
her long long legs
that for days just went on
and on
and on with satin skin of bronze
or in her Janis Joplin tee
with the knees of her jeans gone
my Helen made me feel like a rock-n-roll song
and made a bonfire in her bed
to burn all night long
for me and from that moment on
it was on…

but then soon
i would be too far gone
back then
back in the days i was doing myself wrong
i bang my gong
an anonymous automaton
with syringes for arms
almost too weak to go on
upon my crucifix needle
so forlorn
track marks to adorn
a soul now born to scorn
BUT SHE LOVED ME ANYWAY
her love
was UNCONDITIONAL
she loved me in her very own special way
and so one day
she looked up to me

and so she looked right at me just to say
that she would like to try it too
and that she would pay
and from my dead broke tragic abyss
i said okay and with just one kiss
sealed our fate
and that was the very day
that she became
my dark lady…

and
she was
my shady lady
and when i look back now
my regret
is raging and it plagues me
and there is nothing i can say
i can only blame me
nothing can save me
i can only hate me
for all of the bitter memories
for all of her lost dreams to dependency
a license to ill to infinity
for those five doomed years of crazy
that she stayed with me
fighting to breathe in our habitual Hades
shooting COCAINE
and HEROIN
and METHAMPHETAMINES
as i watched my life and my love
go down in flames with me
drowning in a chemical sea
where the
devil's tongue
is waves of sex and drugs
and death and love
is licking me
this junkie's life isn't easy
believe me
you reap when you plant the seed
but in Helen i harvested a hellishly
haunted dream
one blackened bad
bad memory
of that macabre night that i
will always remember
of that cold gray gothic night
in early December
the needle still hung
in her arm that had once

held me close
i found her lying there
dead in our bed
blue
with an overdose

HUNGRY GHOST

She was gone when i needed her the most
of all. My love it is a hungry ghost

to haunt the halls of my hearts home as i
fall. My lonesome call is a hungry ghost

song. She's gone for real. And an appetite
that cannot be filled is a hungry ghost.

My heart is a black hole. My heart is burnt
toast. A neutron star is a hungry ghost.

She awoke deathwatch beetles in me for
spite. It's not right. Night is a hungry ghost.

And so tonight i fly with my giant
white gossamer wings like a hungry ghost.

And so tonight i float a drunken boat
on a lone sea that is a hungry ghost.

Tonight i fight inside myself to hope
she might return to burn a hungry ghost.

i miss her the most. i miss her the most.
i miss her so much like a hungry ghost.

with a million dreams of her leaving me
alone in bone, i am a hungry ghost.

A hungry ghost. i am a hungry ghost.
Boo! Jeff Callaway is a hungry ghost.

ABSINTHE

when
i drink down
this witch's brew
of wormwood
this devilish elixir
that sets free within me
these words in me to feed
this poet in me who runs rampantly
crawling out of my woodwork like a termite
to search for something erotic
i'm nothing shocking
short of hallucinations hypnotic
my psychotropic eyes
my dropped wide jaws
with my bloodcurdling screams and applause
i'm feeding all of these faces who
are judging me
from somewhere other than themselves they plead
in beet red to dwell in hell
with eyes ghost glazed
the bells bells bells
as motion through motion they've failed
to live through their meager days
but my licorice sweet absinthe can take away
all of those pains
and i am the poet
i am the pimp of the perverse
and there is a darkness that lives
inside of every man
in tiny spots
or in larger splotches
i'm like a word painter with Van Gogh's ear
to hear that blood is a gift of melancholy made
to course through my veins to feed
the force-field of this tainted blood
this liquid wickedness would prove true
this devil's drink of which i have consumed
if only to say
i'm pro consumption
i'm pro sensation
i'm pro erection
i'm a convection engine aching
for your sex like a man possessed
writhing and screaming
for the soft embrace of my demon lover
my succubus bartending blonde bombshell from hell
but i'm not the man to bring home to mommy
but i am the absinthe poet laureate of Zen

and with zeal i did seal the deal
i did ingest this dark essence
in silent sadness sackcloth moon
to feel eternally enshrouded
in these tales from the cryptic creeping
skeleton doom
swimming in these green balloons
a pagan king
i would assume
the brother to my sister the moon
existing in this wicked liquidness
to bliss
on the day of my doom
entombed
hand in hand
a zombie bride for my corpse groom
under a pagan moon in the nude
sprawled out in my wicker witches bed
where i indulge myself to taste her flesh
as she binds my hands to her buxom breasts
then turns and smiles and blows me a kiss
and then
she places her hands on the apex
of my phallus feeling
to offer her holy sacrament semen
and i die and i die and i die every day
again and again and again and again
when there is nowhere to hide
besides inside
myself
and it kills me to hope
anything will be left
of me
the pagan king
in my death shroud of black i pray
in my death shroud all night i rave
in my death shroud i drink green dreams
in my death shroud i exalt i sing
in my death shroud pagan king
to my absinthe queen

1CC POEM

the rush
from this bump
is lush
in this looming

afternoon
that shudders
before my eyes
in glitter rain surprise
the lithium breathes
anhydrous kiss
of time
to the powder parade
and all day long
the bop
of the bump
escalates
to tie off the arm
of this tweaking
twitching
ball and chain vein
hello night train
(please note)
this is only
abuse flowing
like swim words never knowing
more than silver spoons
to stroke
or to choke
to the chimes
of a bell
to my tell-tale heart
that is tolling
and it toils for you
sweet tooth
my snickelfritz
my spastic fantastic electrical
blitz
is bliss
i'm on the fritz
end transmission
out

SPEEDFREAK

when
i shoot
that speed-fluid
into miles of my mind
with my blood in the spoon
and my gears cranking grinding
the light from the blast almost blinding
i'm staring at my

tennis shoes
with my grin smiling widely
i'm all screwed up
i'm turned sort of sideways
most likely
i tuned in
and tied off
and told stories
so gory my blood bumps pump
i grind my teeth together
more by the hour
this speed is a concrete shower
that i breathe in deep
bleeding deep
like dark horses
through ether lucid fantasies
so that confusion is not my enemy
and fear is not in my vocabulary
with my going on a green light mentality
that is rushing through my veins
i am
a pharmacopoeia
a rocket ship speedfreak dopefucked fantasy
or fiasco rather
i am
sleazy seedy bumps in the bathrooms of
convenient stores
i am
the wicked wind whispering of
which wargasms
to slam a gram and orgasm
i suppose i must dispose
of these shards
of my electric minds eye
as i empty the dumpster of my
dream-like thought progressions
to shoot my wad into the sky
and expel the stars of spirits
ringy and twisted
and then
i shoot the works

50 THICK

when
i'm on my
way to Big-D

in syringe serenity
of my U-100 being
tweaking
my 7 day skitz
to infinity
or
can you hear the train
over the Trinity-

River we
could never be
a phoenix

to the open memory
of some very elemental
every mental mind
police
no
not we
we not know
nuts of none young so
be my friend
my be
my pure nonsense
central intelligence
to inject
50 thick
in the neck
hit select
enter

THE FUNERAL PARTY

and if
in the event
i should ever find
my life cut short
by tragedy
or vice
and God forbid
my Mother's loving eyes
to ever have to look
upon her baby boy's demise
for the mere thought of her sweet sorrow
it makes me cry
inside
when not a part

but the whole of me dies
just not like the devil inside
you got to roll the dice
sometimes
you have to let fate decide
and it's not always nice
and also
here is a siren song
to my heart's black intent
to be sung
in the main event
this poet's life
it does not commence
then it is this
i wish
you do in remembrance of me
you must party dudes
please get drunk to my memory
and if you should find
a fine glass in your hand
then
fill it with Canadian Whisky man
and hire a band
for the party to my demise
and to Suzie-Q's aqua blue eyes
and how bout a toast to poetry if you can
and then after that
how bout a toast to truth and beauty
and to true beauty
and its beautiful truth
and to loose women in short skirts
and my love for the muse
and to all that inspire
and to ladies who lit my fire
and to love
and to Texas
and to beer
and so here here
to my cosmic universal family
all one (in the Trinity)
and to you blessed listeners
and you holy readers
who are reading or listening
now or later
and even to you poets and writers
from before
i sigh my last gasp
let me breathe
my own un-silent soliloquy
a request i must bequeath

even from beyond or of from even
these soul words
i've always longed to release
this requiem
is but a dream
for my poets funeral party when my poet's pantry is bare
and i do dare
anyone to assume
that love i never knew
for i even love all of you
and i have loved
it's true
i was even in and fell out of love too
and even this poem
is about death
and not taxes
when my stock crashes
my will and testament to ashes
inside my own Sir Walter Raleigh can
like a trash can punch party family reunion
farewell
when i'm dead
i wish for a fair-weathered
sense of zeal-like happy
silver lining inside the seams
of my soul
for my ghost song lap dance
funeral home romance
did you know the dead can dance
and here is the post-mortem play-list
and here is the death bed edition
by DJ Grim and The Reaper Mist
with my funeral soundtrack to bliss
and Norman Greenbaum's Spirit In The Sky
to please tell everyone to buy
my poetry
in this, my time of need
please to help me to feed
these lost children of me
the lost boys i can no longer feed (or find)
for their father knew much hunger
and much need
if he did indeed
ever get to be a father
before he got to meet his maker
or finish his last shot of Maker's Mark
he left his mark
and then went up to his maker
but he left his bed unmade
in his funeral party haze

he was dazed and confused
but the rules
for the party are:

there will be a fully stocked bar
so make sure all my buddies
get enough beer
with someone to drive
them home in their cars
like a designated driver
who is also
a porn star

SKITZER PAD

higher
than 10 foot up a well-diggers ass
after i shoot that fat blast in the bathroom
of my skitzer pad
it's hotter
than a two-dick dog
and that's bad
but luckily there's plenty to do…

there are ten thousand vinyl records to skitz through…

plus that amp just needs a new fuse
and then that old stereo will work just like new…

just trust me dude…

i got a bitchin' set of tools, i can fix it…

but first we need to take it apart
and then i'll tweak on the VCR
while you tweak on that rusty old car
or there are a million other things out in the front yard
my skitzer pad is more fun than your local bar…

from where you're standing could you see that car
that just drove by?

i think i saw some lights…

well, whatever you do, don't look out the blinds again

THE DREMEL IS A SKITZER'S BEST FRIEND!

its 4am when i turn on the skill-saw
and then…

i bust out my brand new roto-zip
and i polish up my rocks…

and i do another bump around 10…

'cause in my skitzer pad
the fun never ends…

THE MEXICAN BLACKBIRD

i got
a bottle of COGNAC
and a box of fine CIGARS
and King and i are riding in his car
but i don't know where in the hell we are
and if i tell you a chicken dips SNUFF
you better look under his wing for a can

as the radio jams the R.E.M. song Stand
i recall a titty bar in Tyler , Texas was the plan
but we really could be anywhere in this fine land
and all King can tell me is that we're out of SPEED again

as the sun slowly begins to raise its evil head
over some dusty old back road, i'm the walking dead
when i think it was last night that we left the skitzer pad
and there really is something to be said about VICODIN

one thing for sure is that King and i like them

and i really wouldn't be surprised if this was a PILL run
and anyway i always have some fun when i'm with King
he's really a great friend to go out with and drink
he's really a great guy if you want to know what i think

Foo Fighters through the speakers and we both start to sing
looks like its going to be another exciting morning
and times are never boring when the car motor is roaring
and then all of a sudden i realize where we're going
and then King finally looks over and gives me the word
that we're headed out of Texas on The Mexican Blackbird.

ON CAMPUS OBSERVATIONS

gin and tonics
at the Jubilee House
are not enough
to ease the calm
from the love that i lost
they only feed my qualms
about day two with no pot
as i sit up here at the college
and rot
with my lonesome nose in my notebook
i squat
and scrawl my secret words
the passerby might never have heard
but only stare at me
through my wild word sea
like you don't know what you think
and you wonder
as i wonder why
the beautiful girls they just walk on by
and they don't even
notice me
just because i seem
like some weird luke warm book worm to them
and not the MAN that i truly am
as even more
random folks stroll on by
an old man hobbling horse legged in old worn boots
smoking on a yellowed cigarette through broken teeth
killing ants on the park bench the pain of a sting is
just wishing someone would
notice me
like some kind of finder of lost things
like someone to bring out the beauty with me
to dust off the dust off of these
past relationships
just like a flagship
or an old friend
or a long strange road trip to come in
waves of firework and cathartic good times
that finally
read me
between these
lines
and so yes i will
drink me some more wine
spo dee o dee drinkin' wine
from the bottle of burgundy in my backpack
of rhyme

with no Swatch Watch on my wrist
to tell me the time
and no weed dealer to sell me a dime
as i sit here
stuck in concrete like
community college is a crime
and i'm
craving the caresses
and the freshness of freshmen
and the sexy solar plexus
of this sophomore from South Texas
who's been playing with my emotions
and not my erections
like playing hide and go seek
too good for so long
and
1 Mississippi
2 Mississippi
3 Mississippi
she's gone
but then she's back again
sitting on a bench reading a book called Zen
And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance when
i kiss her and watch heart palpitations begin
as dumb preppy boys stumble by
and coo and clap
and she puts her arms around me
and sits in my lap

BAR STOOL REVELATIONS

strangers
enter the room
and smile
not necessarily
the news of happiness
but none the less a smile.

smiles that pass and fade
the strangers remain
the tame faces of the lame
can not save strange men
who scrawl words in bars
the scars are all they stay
longer than strangers
they stay.

but love for me

it comes and goes
her hair is dark
so dark it shows
something whole
like love me
her fingers are long
so long
they wrap around my heart
but she's married.

men in ties
walk in with business
on their dry lips
that they hang on the coat rack
at the door
they smile and enter
they order a drink
and still i die and so do they
we all die
and this is good.

two bit thugs
in 3 piece suits
must learn more grammar
i have fallen behind
and i need more grammar
to convey my messages appropriately
as inappropriate as they are
my ramblings will save me
and Jack will drink to that
of course he'll drink to anything
to us
just us
and all the hookers in Nevada
this booze will serve as the main course
and force the display of my words
liquor and words go
hand in hand.

colorful old gents in bars
are more colorful than they seem.

gorgeous young bartenderette
you holy keeper of the gin
oh, your tonic is inviting
oh, wont you un ass that fat bottle
and liquor me up the pain away
green is your color, and the truth is mine
so let's skip the wine, stick a fork

in time, this holy time of mine
and rhyme, don't forget the lime.

(NOTE: PLEASE ADD COMFORTERS TO THE BAR STOOLS, DRUNKS HAVE ENOUGH DISCOMFORT)

beautiful people
who can strike you
with so much emotion
a mother, a brother, a lover
a friend, someone beautiful
from within, the whole world depends
and revolves to absolve us all
a kiss on the heart
and one on the cheek
to one who is weary
and one who is weak
and not without flaw.

(NOTE: AS MY DRUNK CONTUINES THE DISCOMFORT OF THE WOODEN BAR STOOL SLOWLY FADES.)

COAL MINERS

every time
that i mosey on
back down home
to a southern place in my heart
that i can feel in my bones
i know
Cedar Creek Lake is in my blood
with a (903) area code
and so
whenever i feel
a little lost and low i know
just where to go
to break bread with my family and
friends
to soothe my soul
and then King and i go get drunk and
stoned
on the back road
in the old yellow El Camino
with honey roasted blunts
and a few six packs of El Pacifico
and we just let go
when a Merle Haggard song comes
on the radio

and we're off
and there's only one place i know
in Malakoff
where the guys and girls can go
to get their rocks off
but you better walk the line
or a bouncer might knock your block off
and if you're looking for a woman
to blow your socks off
i know just where you can find her
go east on Highway 31
to the honkytonk called
Coal Miners…

and here's another
reminder
just to help you find her
there's a big bright neon sign
out front
so you can't miss it
just park your dually in the gravel
parking lot
and pay five dollars at the entrance
to find King and i
inside
on barstools
drinking ice cold Guinness
and having hell 'o fun in
hillbilly bliss
is part of our martini existence
it's half Martian/ half Texas
with a lemon twist and
we're in business
so let me buy you a drink
i insist
the possibilities are endless…

at Coal Miners
i wake to the daisy chain of a cowgirls kiss
at Coal Miners
i bask in the drunken sorcery of redneck bliss
at Coal Miners
i swallow all the Jell-O shots i can take
at Coal Miners
i found the alcoholy portal to
Cedar Creek Lake …

and i scoot my boots and my booty shakes
like both dance floors are a
Texas earthquake…

at Coal Miners.

PITT GRILL

so after
a hot night of drinking
cold cold brews
and Texas two-steppin'
with the Henderson County who's who
the redneck reunion
of the Coal Miners crew
resumes
in the mom-and-pop
atmosphere
of an old greasy spoon
deep in the heart of Athens , Texas
for some southern fried soul food
and the psychobilly grooves
that the jukebox exudes
the tunes bloom
in special orange blossoms of
sound that you can feel
when you're drunk at 4AM
having coffee
at the Pitt Grill

endless
pots of java
you can drink until
you get your fill
to help you sober up
so you can drive home
without getting killed
and when all the bars are closed
Pitt Grill is completely filled
with conversation between close friends
they really can be such a thrill
when one wiseman once said to me
sometimes "conversations kill"
but chicken friend steak, country gravy
and 3 eggs now that's a meal
and when its all for just $3.99
now isn't that a deal
for real
the grease must be
enlightening
when we're dining
under the fluorescent lighting
Formica tabletops and saltshakers
seem so inviting
plus after you clean your plate
you can smoke cigarettes

inside and
that's surprising
like back in the good old days
now isn't this exciting
and that reminds me
of America
the home of the free
the toothless waitresses on speed
ask me if i'd like more sugar or more cream
and i tell them
yes and can i also get another
order of the hash browns
scattered
smothered
and covered

TEXAS HAIKUS

catfish are biting
everything but my hook
in Cedar Creek Lake

by the campfire, drunk
i'm watching the spiders jump
over Texas hills

out in West Texas
echoes of my loneliness
go unheard for miles

sexy country girls
with tan legs in cowboy boots
have Texas size hearts

watching funny cars
at Seven Points drag-strip
laughing with my Dad

weeds, growing in green
murky Trinity water
like screaming pine trees

Cedar Creek Chrissie's
cotton panties, her blue jeans
at night call to me

Apocalypse Pub
Satan is San Angelo
dust-devils catch fire

snake skin cowboy boots
i peel from my road-worn hooves
pick-up truck broke down

Buddy Holly sings
i watch armadillos play
mockingbirds fly by

six days and nights with
dope whores in honkytonks of
Gun Barrel City

Texas , the third coast
with hot night and ice cold beer
spring break girls go wild

mixed drinks as Hank sings
at Billy Bob's in Fort Worth
live country music

The Lignite City
Malakoff , Texas is a
coal miner's tombstone

wired oil-field roughneck's
sweating in the sun, drilling
deep beads of black gold

bull riders all amped
rodeo clowns camping out
saviors in waiting

stressed out soul explodes
lost in this West Texas gloom
i pray peace comes soon

BAIT BUCKET BAR AND GRILL

when
i go back
to Gun Barrel City
i go to a place called Big Chief Landing
to a hot spot they call The Bait Bucket Bar And Grill

where i sit on the back deck with a gin and tonic
and admire the Cedar Creek Lake and the sunlight
that dances on it in late afternoon…

i order a tequila sunrise at sunset
and somehow a smile always lights up my face
when i see that wonderful lake as it fades
into darkness with only the sound of the waves
as they crash on the shore…

or the roar from a boat motor heading for home
with the catch of the day…

then all of the sudden the bar comes alive
as Dan The Man turns on the neon signs
with a wink from Cedar Creek Chrissie's brown eyes
the jukebox blares Def Leppard's Love Bites
cause everyone's in love with Saturday night
at The Bait Bucket Bar and Grill…

then Josh Mitchell comes by with tequila and limes
and he yells to me that it's party time!
and i say that he's right
cause we both live sinful lives
and this is just what sinners do…

we order cold beers and we howl at the moon
or we slam back Jim beam and listen to Motley Crue
or Appetite For Destruction and some Blackened Voodoo
or shots of Crown Royal with Credence Clearwater's Suzie-Q
and it's all i can do to not vomit on my shoes…

is the devil chasing me, too?

at the Bait Bucket Bar and Grill i've drank a billion beers
at the Bait Bucket Bar and Grill i've had a trillion thrills
at the Bair Bucket Bar and Grill i can always find a friend
and something fun to do…

so when all has been said and done
and all of the songs have been sung
when everyone's had all their fun
and all of us drunks have gotten drunk
when on the tables all the chairs are stacked up
and all the broken glass from the floor is swept up
my blues brother James pays my tab
with a heart of gold he stole from Neil Young
and Chrissie drives me home in her pick-up truck
as Dan The Man turns off the neon sign
on another East Texas Saturday night…

BLEACH BLONDES AND BARSTOOLS

darlin'
this achy-breaky
        heart is sinkin'
as i'm kickin' back with a couple a six packs
i mean i'm drinkin'
        as i'm singin'
an old Johnny Cash song
i'm thankin' 'bout all them horrible thangs
        that i done wrong
and how i wish a good woman would come along
when these lonesome hot summer nights seem so long
i'm so lonely when i load another bowl and hit the bong
and then i turn the TV on
        and then i'm gone
        and it was them bleach blondes
and barstools that got me
here
drownin' in m'sorrows
and poundin' back beers
        bareback bar-bride's maids
        bound to m'bartab
        all along
i'm thankin' 'bout all them bleach blondes and barstools
that i've known
and that i've been on
THIS IS JUST ANOTHER POOR OLD OUTLAW'S SAD SONG
all about a country mad drunken fool
        who was always in the company
of bleach blondes
        and barstools
or girls with margaritas in open-toed shoes
i love you country girls in your cowgirl boots
and i love them punk rocker girls too
in their combat boots
        i reckon' i do
plus them hip-hop honeys
i've known a few
i reckon' i love me a girl who
        can shoot
        a mean game of pool
i damn sure do
but really for this lonely Texas Outlaw Poet
        any seniorita'll do
but i guess if i had to choose
as a golden rule
        it would be
a bleach blonde
on
an old barstool

DRUNK POET

drunk poet
starves raving and mad
he drowns in sorrows and sad
he foams at the mouth
he howls at the moon
he prays to God he will die soon
and without you he will surely die
as drowning drinks and thoughts of you
he does consume and takes into himself
nothing of the blues from this
battered beaten world
but only this beautiful love
that beats within his lonely veins
he's sworn his undying love for you
dear muse, he submits his body and soul
to pay the debt for his sin to you
as this cancer feeds on some part of him
he hides inconsistencies
with cute words and style
but still he suffers all the while
waking up into dreams clanging in his head
spirits, lovers and friends confined
within his fathomless head
and they show him no difference
between life and death
and that beautiful things can transcend
even from the hearts of these cold crooked men
so be it not sin
or so be it sin
for while he walks the earth
it will be but to live
so hear his words
and hear them well
seize the day in life
or be life hell

BLUE DOLPHINS

my
Juliet and i
we come alive on Friday night's
ephemeral heights
on three tabs of X each
her violet eyes
like violent epiphanies

when we
have sex on X it's empathy
my baby loves me like ESP
and she tastes like a ripe
strawberry
and it's all very
tasty cuisine
and she is my empyrean queen
the way her heavenly body sings to me
with such sonorous energy
is like her skin it is infinity
her sin it is divinity
and she is the
electricity
within my overloading circuitry
and when she is in bed with me
one red rose grows on both her cheeks
when we're wound in liquid sheets
and the bedroom is moving
like ocean waves
love saves!
the radio blares the latest dance craze
in a purple haze
and sex it is a fabulous maze
i use my fingers to feel my way
through my lover's deep dark caves
she's what i crave
her fluffy mattress is a
techno rave
that three blue dolphins make
with dance beats and trance lights
when psychedelic times fly
like hearts might
burst hell-for-leather
in the pleasure hex
on X
she is my girlfriend and
my dominatrix
and sex
and drugs
and rock-n-roll is the matrix
of euphoria
in black light phantasmagoria
with only the
light of the moon
to shine down into her aqua room
onto her watery bed
upon her pale bright skin like the dead
with goose bumps and cold sweat
i am fed

upon my creamy angel Juliet
wearing only one lonely blue sock
and nothing else
and all ringing wet
rolling with me in her silk sheets
in excess
she's smoking hot
with pink nipples and naked knees
she'll let
liquid ecstasies flow from
her sweet spot...
liquid ecstasies flow
from her sweet spot
and rainbows rhapsodize
from within side her serpentine eyes
her Byzantine smile is like
a beautiful suicide that i enjoy
inside our cuddle puddle
so warm
and wet
and full of joy
my Juliet makes me her toy
just like i'm a rubber lover drummer boy
with my psychotropic beats to destroy
and demonize
like her hedonistic hips have hypnotized
her helter skelter hands have sanctified
and i am baptized
in her bed and besides
her lovin' is like
a carnivalesque roller coaster ride
with a four alarm fire inside
her throbbing thoroughbred thighs
and her razorblade fingertips have eyes
and they invite
her tongue lust for my body
to satisfy
the wanderlust of my wasp waist hottie
is amplified
by three blue dolphins in black angel midnight
with her belladonna heart's light
that she turns on to glow
under strobe lights
and magnifies life just oh so right
to light up the hours of our transcendental twilight
whenever my Juliet and i
we come alive
on Friday night's
ephemeral heights

THE CHRONIC SONNET

when the day has been rough and oh so long
i sit on my couch with my water bong
and smoke a phat bowl of the sticky kind
to shuck off the funk from the daily grind
like it takes me to some place in my head
like Kubla-Khan, other poems i've read
of ecstasy and escape, just don't choke
on neon green dreams that please like sweet smoke
neoprene scenes milky white window dope
helps you cope or makes a mighty fine rope
inhale – its peace and tranquility please
exhale – negative energy with ease

God gave plants and herbs to use, even weed
so legalize pot and plant you a seed

EX-GIRLFRIEND

she loved
like a luscious
love seat lobotomy
she had labaratory lithium
and i was the Benzedrine boy
she liked to bite
she told ghost stories to the ouija board
and masturbated in the dark with microphones
or over my trac-phone
or in the backseat of my Chevy alone
whispering dirty words to me at home
drunk
on burgundy wine
with little white lines
her little white lies on a cell phone
her cellular nightmares in monotone
chill me to the bone
to this day
a twilight zone where she could play
jokes on me she kept at bay
but she liked to have a good time
if i would pay
and i can still hear her howling hex hooray
her cat like whispers and sweet nothings to say
and when she came she screamed "James"
but that's not my name
she spread her legs in great display

she rocked me like a video game
she was hot like a cake just baked
when she read me poetry
and spoke of death
windy as a
wino

TWEAKER

it's 4am
and i still can't sleep
but really i haven't slept
in over a week
that's just the way it is sometimes
on that lake called Cedar Creek
and all of us tweakers
or creekers
call it Speeder Freak
all of us who have not slept a wink
all week and so i think
i'll stay up one more night and tweak
and peak out my window
through those cracks in the blinds
'cause i just heard something
coming from outside
and there it is again
that very strange strange sound
like someone is outside sneaking around
but who could it be
oh what could they want
is it some thief in the night
or the sheriff with a warrant
i think i see one
or maybe i see three
peaking at me
from behind that old pine tree
but it's too dark out tonight
too dark to see much of anything
and maybe my mind is just playing tricks on me
but i think the bastards are trying to
sneak up on me
and they can see everything
with all their surveillance toys
they can hear every little whisper
every little noise
and they got night vision too
they can see me right now

through the dark
i had some too but i skitzed them apart
and anyway it wont be long
and then out will come the sun
i'll catch them this time
when they try to run…

and then just a little while later
oh here comes the orange dawn
but where are those deputies
oh where have they gone
they just faded away in the blind light
after i sat here and watched them
all damn night
and they were just right there
in front of me
peaking at me
from behind that old pine tree
and so i'll just tweak here
for another day, another night
tweakin' out my window to see if i'm right
and i'll be damned
if i will ever go to bed
'cause i love the methmonsters
of the meth-belt
who live in my head…

BLOODY MARY

maybe
another bloody Mary
with Sexy Sadie tonight
would be alright
in this almost midnight
lemonade light
and so how many times
will she love me just right
in how many different ways
will i lay this sweet babe to bite
and lick her fine sugar cane tonight
when the sky is clear
before early dawning morning is here
i will meet her there
with beer in hand
and a mushroom kiss
so her and i can be together again
and we will breathe in

tomorrow's hours with a smile
with stories
that only her lips could say
in only the words
her lips would speak
and when she tells me
everything
from those lovely
lips
she articulates
her beauty
and in this beauty
she sits with me
and drinks
bloodymarys

STONER CHICK

she
braids her hair
and she wears
juju beads
and she drives a green
Volkswagen bug and she
smokes so much weed
when she's drinking jungle-juice
and she's snorting up speed
as she spreads her creamy sweet legs
around my fire of pink desire
she's packing a fresh bowl
because she wants to get higher
with her psychedelic eyes
she's like my ultra-violet lover
and everything inside of me
is burning for her
to soak up the tears
should she ever cry
and my love for this girl
will NEVER DIE
because she's my hip kitty-cat
and she digs the beat
and she's free
and i'm her cool Daddy-O
with my cosmic dreams of ecstasy
and it seems
that it's been a long strange trip
that she's been livin' with me in peace

and it's a long lasting feeling
since we're both so free
but this stoner chick rocks me
ya see
the dog-gone girl is mine
and we're lovers
and we're smoking joints
under the covers
like her juicy lips smother
hips pressed tight undercover
fingertips against silk
head long into our highest kiss
cause we're star crossed lovers
souls dancing in bliss
and i will always
love my
stoner chick

LSD POEM

so
much glue
to stick to
so much to do
i can't sit still
i've got to move to move
so i fly through the sky
and i fly so high
that i fry in the sky
with my pupils the size of dimes
and so
will you tell me which way- to go
to the yellow brick road
goodbye to some shady place
under the trees of my soul
where we can roll a joint
or load a bowl
whichever makes us whole
below the walls that
are breathing
in sequence with me
as i realize i am one with everything
and so i leave my body
for other worlds to see
as consciousness wakes to Morpheus dreams
will you take my hand
will you go with me

into this new reality
where Maenad wraps us
in velvet violet halo wings
while we're submerged spirits
in our ecstasy orgy ritual dreams
like the flesh it screams to please you
and Midas' touch goldens the scene for you
to give everything this jazzy hue
so just go with the flow
you know what to do
in
cherub flight
to orgasm
over skeleton flames
to exalt the way i felt you
when you came
and you tingled
and your lips are to taste
and you're safe
in my arms
when you
wake

you open your eyes with the sunrise…

you wonder if it was all fantasized…

you open your eyes with the sunrise…

and i'm laying right by your side…

PSYCHEDELLIC BUS TRIP

and then
there was this
one time
on this particular night
when i was tripping out
right
about flipping out
in a fright
when i was freight
on this Greyhound bus
coming home
late
from Tennessee
surrounded

by so many amazing
strange things
like psycho funhouse beauty queens
with destinations unknown like dreams
who were eating cherry sours and Boston baked beans
wearing thick glasses
and reading teen magazines
but it was like i was in a bad dream
except for their hot little asses
and i was on acid
bouncing up and down spastic
it was really beginning to kick in
and then
while they were listening to Edie Brickell
my mind it sort of fell
to some hell
and
i was kind of tweaking
man
i was really peaking
on four hits of Grateful Dead
and i smoked so much pot at the last bus stop
the sirens in my head were hallucinating cops
but
it was the psychedelic bus trip from Memphis, Tennessee
when Elvis reached down from heaven and saved me
and then he
got me home with the click of his heels
and he asked me
if i had any booze, grass or pills
and so i rolled a fat spliff
and he took two big hits
then we dropped two more hits
to continue our trip
but
it was the psychedelic bus trip from Memphis, Tennessee
when Elvis reached down from heaven and saved me
and then he
put a ten-strip
between his tongue and his lip
he had a jug of Real Sangria
and he gave me a sip
he had on blue suede shoes
and he kept shaking his hips
covered in jewels
a curl in his lip
when
he passed
me the joint
he said

hey son its yo hit
and
it was the psychedelic bus trip from Memphis, Tennessee
when Elvis reached down from heaven and saved me
and then he
left the building

HILLBILLY HEAVEN

my
mean green
motorbike rides supreme
down the street
when i'm on speed
i go to this place to meet
and breed
with these sweet
big breasted broads
doing me
harem dance dreams
hallucinations in the whorehouse
sleek rememberings
of a smooth John Coltrane song
before i catch a plane
to Hong Kong or to Tangiers
because i heard they had cold beer
when Old Bull Lee was queer
when the green grape groped
the seasonal artichoke choke
cheers to the cat clit crew
or the teenage wong fu
or golden blast budding May
and live fast die young HEY!
(i wrote that part in the john!)
but in the mean time
caress this beam shine
lick my ripe hind
powdercake spank bedtime
sign my slick hips, mine
bearded treasures
hunt, find
cunt rhymes
tequila shot in the head
bloody red
burst of night
where we all must fight for our rights
(to party) in the age of Aquarius

a quartz aquarium quasar
quittles and qualms his quill
with glorious gushing ink to fulfill
with bold strokes
the needs of rebel yell hellions
please breed crunk drunk crazieroms
in hillbilly heaven

CUDDLE PUDDLE

once
upon a dream
when my special girl and me
made sweet love on three
tabs of ecstasy
in our special bed where we
press our bodies close together
applying pressure
to pleasures unmeasured
i found a buried treasure
between her thighs
and sin inside her soul that made her sing
her skins pink pink masterpiece
tasted just like an ice cream cone to me
and the night was naked electricity
so we fed off each others energy
to create some stellar cosmic swing
that rolls or radiates and beams
between the sheets
psychotropic sex beats
that made me think i could see
an angel in utero appear on the scene
all aglow and all a gleaming
and busting through the ceiling
like some ultraviolet being
who's sexually appealing
and undressing completely
the three of us rolling and reeling
and drinking and eating from each other really
electri-flying
over climaxing glow-stick bodies
as the sky was raining locust
and there was an ocean in our bedroom
one hundred candles dreaming
patchouli nightmares of orgasms
we swam in for centuries
to the town where love was built

and also where the hamburger was invented
but we couldn't eat it
so we continued to bond
as one
bold light bright
rolling inward roll
naked in the kitchen
you were grilling some chicken
and trimming my split ends
when lightning struck twice and frightened us
back to life
in the bedroom
where we let loose
lust on the love boat cruise
the walls were breathing when i planted my root
and chipped my tooth on my foot
in weightless amusement i smoothed
my hand down your thigh
needles and pins in our eyes
and down your spine
with ice
and we both came twice
but it was nice next to the thunder
black tree
silhouettes through the window was under
surveillance
the aliens
laying between you and me
sprawled in sheets
with a rave on the ceiling
phat beats through the TV
DJ Dream and The Liquid Osmosis
seemed steamy
when i was your
pacifier

GIN AND TONIC SONNET

kick back and relax in fact it's your time
to buy a gin and tonic with a lime
and while you're up you could refill my cup
and please bartender turn that jukebox up
'cause today has been a really rough day
and here's to Dean and Sammy by the way
and to that blonde at the end of the bar
what a dream come true blue far away star

whose boot scoot blues would move closer to me
in sweet release drunk in spurs let us be
she can see drunks are not all such bad guys
not all nice suits and new ties are best buys
but gin and tonic man says to your face
how bout sex, drugs, rock-in-roll and my place

MAY CAUSE DROWSINESS

some
scotch and some soda
and some sex and some soma
so i'm so stoned
in San Antonio
it sounds like Sublime's
Scarlet Begonia's
circle circus surround sound systems
in stereo ozones
by my side this Scarlet O'hara look-alike
who's my guide
she doesn't remember where we're going
and somehow i can still remember the Alamo
(and Goliad)
but as the pills begin to kick-in
its then
when i know that it's too late
and so i pull over to the shoulder
and i park my Chevrolet
and i reach out for the pill bottle
as everything turns grey
in my head i can hear the Reverend Horton Heat
sing It's a Dark Day
i can't make out what the warning on the label is
trying to say when some fuzzy itchy something
comes over me in waves of OK and Oh Boy! do i
feel great
not half but whole baked
on the Texas Highway (please don't litter) its best
to stay awake
if only i could find a Motel 6 or Super 8
or some soft silent sanctuary
to pass out straight
and so i pull into the Hotel San Antonio
and rent a room to retreat
and we have dinner and shit, shower, shave
and we're both so beat
but still, my beautiful Miss Scarlet, rubs my feet

and she serves me a hot toddy in her old favorite-T
and an old slip with a good kiss on the cheek and then
we
make love (that's hot) she's so sexy and sweet for me
to eat and
        i fall asleep
in the arms of the girl of my dreams
        in sheets
wrapped up in blankets, so warm and cozy
        until morning brings
in hung-over sunlight beams
        and i can finally see so clearly
the words on the label, i can finally detect:

MAY CAUSE DROWSINESS, ALCOHOL MAY INTENSIFY THE EFFECT…

ROADMASTER'S TRANSPORT CO.

his handle is Dizzy Dean
        and he's a trucker on meth-amphetamine
and he's so far gone, he's gone for four days
        with no sleep
he's like a rolling stone (gathering no moss)
        all the way from New York City
(he don't get lost) with 400 more miles
        until he reaches Texas City
he says it's all about hard work and clean livin'
        into the CB
to Uncle Buck and The Big Trucks
        who just says copy that
and that's a big 10-4 good buddy
        and dam that lot lizard was pretty
and over and out
        and it's another long black night
in the big-rig
        for Old Dizzy Dean
and he's all juked-up
        on that high-speed chicken feed
and he never thought he would ever be
        addicted to that meth-amphetamine
or mesmerized by the yellow stripe
        like his front window is a TV screen
or some psychobilly plasma screen
        as his radio it just beams
that song American Pie by Don McLean
        but asleep at the wheel
it's not how Dizzy Dean needs to be

because he's got his three kids mouths to feed
and the wife of his dreams
is at home, asleep in Caney City
her name is Norma Gene
and she's real pretty
so he just picked up the habit
and he never let Norma Gene know
that he's tweakin', haulin' loads of livestock
for Roadmaster's Transport Co.

LIQUOR STORE

i'm going to the liquor store
i'm going to the liquor store
i'm going to kick off my shoes
and start singing the blues
and find a piece of the night
to set on fire, i'm on fire
i work so hard for so little pay
or i party all night to sleep all damn day
and life can be a drag man
life can be a bore
but i know i can always go
down to the liquor store
on those lonely nights
when i want to get drunk and fight
i want to chase the moonshine
into the light
when i feel so lonely
i think i could die
when i'm going across that line
i'm trying to stay between the lines
cause Johnny Law will hit you with the fine
but what I want to do is have a good time
when all is said and done
i can still have a little fun
if i have the money to buy some
down at the liquor store
down at the liquor store

CEDAR ISLE RESTAURANT AND CLUB

at Cedar Isle
i walked the miracle mile
many topless Texas nights with a smile
on the back patio
with Mrs. Kitty behind the bar
with cheese sticks and Cuervo
and the breeze off the Cedar Creek Lake
making all the girls shake
to the beat that the waves would make
or the bop that the drummer would play
all liquored up and looking to get laid
and then not to remember her name
the next morning
with a scotch and soda
all these bedroom relations
in the dark revelations
in the laps of margarita girls
sitting on barstools, bar tabs, even barflies and beyond
eating burritos and drinking boilermakers
blues bands on the jukebox
tilapia
how 'bout a toast to Old Ted
here's to Old Ted
and to Mrs. Kitty
and to Goldslager Gary
and all the gangsters in the poolroom
and all the lawyers on the barstools in the front room
and a dozen oysters on the half shell
and all of these drunkards who are going to hell
if they don't change their evil ways
and all the bumps in the bathroom
and bimbos on the bandstand
or the blondes offshore on the boats
or the volleyball bikinis in the sandbox rocks
the wet t-shirt contest gone awry
but it's alright
the best time to buy a beer is
oh hey there girl come over here
come for some conversation and cocktails
and come home with me
or at least buy me another drink
or maybe you'd like something to eat
and then i'll eat you
or maybe Ted's tortilla soup will do
or maybe a nice midnight cruise
to this safe spot that i know
WHERE WE CAN TAKE OFF ALL OUR CLOTHES
and skinny dip in the moonlight's soft glow

or we can go back inside and watch satellite TV
or we could even go water ski
or we could just sit here and drink
or maybe you could just sing to me
every karaoke night of the week
which is on Wednesday and always makes me weep
but the drinks are always so cheap
and i somehow always know what is up
at Cedar Isle Restaurant and Club

HYDROPONIC SONNET

i work hard all day then it's time to play
and i may go outside or i might stay
inside and lay in one place but still go
to the picture show in my mind and so
let's go back to my place to rock-n-roll
a fat doob' of 'dro to soothe a blue soul
will lift low spirits like lights that are lit
off a bit of groovy green one hit shit
as we sit on my sofa so damn high
if we were to fall we'd probably die
like the sky is just a playground for stars
on a hydroponic flight straight to Mars

looking down upon Earth's big ball of mud
from my great spacecraft of sticky green bud

DRINKING SONG

i've been drinking to forget you
swallowing all of my pride
taking shots of agony
and chasing them with your lies
bottles of frustration
cans of emptiness
in my beat up old pick up truck
looking to start some shit
searching for the truth
in the bottom of a bottle
and only finding myself
looking for love and friendship

in places where none exist
bottles of frustration
cans of emptiness
in my beat up old pick up truck
pulling over to take a piss
cockroaches on the ceiling
beers in the fridge
every day i make the pilgrimage
across the Caney City Bridge
smokes, tokes and jokes
i'm a bad tomcat
telling my dreams of New Orleans
to an empty bottle of Jack
got no love to live for
sleeping all of the time
drowning all of my sorrows
with bottles of wine
so turn up a bottle
and take its trip
and we'll lie down
and re-create the things we did
and pray that we never forget

ODE TO BEER

if the ocean were full of beer
i'd learn to scuba dive
if the ocean were full of beer
i'd be the happiest man alive
if the ocean were full of beer
i'd be Jean Cousteau
if the ocean were full of beer
i'd buy me a home on the coast

if the ocean were full of beer
i'd sail the seven seas
if the ocean were full of beer
i'd drink the sea of Galilee
if the ocean were full of beer
i'd be the Silver Surfer
if the ocean were full of beer
i'd be a drunk motherfucker

if beer grew on trees
i'd donate to Walden Woods
if beer grew on trees
i'd climb the tallest tree that stood

if beer grew on trees
i'd build me a tree house
if beer grew on trees
i'd have leaves all in my mouth

if beer grew on trees
i'd always have a morning wood
if beer grew on trees
i'd plant every seed i could
if beer grew on trees
i'd embrace the great outdoors
if beer grew on trees
i'd have no need for the liquor store

i mean i really love beer

DRUNKEN RAMBLINGS

i can see
two of everything
as these
sonar radio waves sing
in the sky
like perfect words of light
come alive on this crazy night
when the heavy sight
of the moon
hangs tight
in its lunar basket of atoms
to bathe in this dark blackness
only to feel the stars showering glow
in the theater of meteors
to touch my skin
and
to fill in
the wide open spaces of
loneliness
translucent in the face of my stoned night sky
standing on a beach staring at the sea
and asking myself why
am i
here in Galveston, Texas drunk and high
watching my words
pull these feelings from
the high tide
as i write
my words of sin

my words of vice
like
lanky lurking liquored words
the sober mans thoughts bottled in
drunken slurred words
with euphoric words to kiss behind your ears
with tickling tingling tenderness to tears
and to take
your heart close to mine
just like fate
and tonight
there are no clues in the booze
and i've nothing to lose
just by singing the blues
tonight
there's no clues
in the booze
so i'll just drink a few more
know what to do's
when love
isn't coming from nowhere
and isn't growing on trees
then
where does this leave me
but to step inside my drunk sleeping bag
on the whiskey beach
and write my drunken ramblings
into
alcohol sleep

NEGATIVE SELF IMAGE

i am not here
in this room
in this world
in this skin
i am not in
within sin
i am not lips
i am not the one
whose word is this
not intimate nor friend
nor wolves of flesh
wove we bound in
nor wombs to live
in one mouth of spirit
with no limits
no bounds

no names
no lanes
no rules to follow
no authority to swallow
my love nailed cross, sweet father
bleed deep through the needle
without fuel to feed
my gluttonous need for consumption
consumerism, mail fraud
in the mail room
behind the stacks of mail
all of these endless tales
up spun and spun up
through these starving veins of mine
hungry for the fix
and the prick of a needle…
B.P.'s old man lives in San Fran…
atomic brainstorms, an anatomic demoralization
an end to fit a means to an end
woe but the hand of a friend
the heavenly presence of hope
bound in lies, surrounded in eyes
frankincense and myrrh
balanced on the wings of a word
by a dove, the fly of my endless woe
these oats i have sewn
my Adamic flesh, etched in stone
beat against the bone
only to be left alone
in this room
with these lonely, blank pages
dinging, drinking with sage wages
onto these pages, i'm mean
i'm unrepentant
i'm unclean
i'm obscene
i'm a fiend
i'm between
bewitched and behind
and be free
i'm not free
i wont be
i wont breathe
i unbelong
in unbelief
unrest, unrelief
uneverything, un-me
nor no me
no more me
no alimony

oh poor Joe Maloney
been talking too much on the phony
the only, lonely
one who bone me
befriend me
behind me
no more me…

we come for you
all of us to you
all wrapped up in you
i will not bleed me through you
i'm through, all through
wont be impure
nor untrue
nor you

GRIM HOTEL

welcome
to
the grim hotel
        a hot spot to stop
on your way to
        HELL
for the path of excess is
a broken road that leads
        to death
        or jail
        or maybe to both
for one can never tell
but as for me
i'm just another guest in this
grim
gray
hotel
i'm just another ghost
        rapt in a chemical spell
and this is just my tale
        i must tell about how i fell
        so far and so hard
i'm just another prisoner of war
in my own country's drug war
        where The Man is The Czar
i'm just another number in A1-dorm
with OFFENDER
        printed on my card

my only offense a sack ice in shards
with white rocks to seduce me
        into needles that reduce me
into this too dark park
        where i kick start my heart
but i don't have to lie to kick it
or
drug to perfect my ART
for some lessons in life for some are so hard
so hard for the bard
        when the man holds the cards
and so old and so cold
out there on the rec. yard
McMurtry says the earth is mostly
        just a bone yard
but like i told you
i'm mostly lost and lonely
all these tired dour hours dire
the poet make words a maelstrom of fire
from haunted victims in the eye
        of addictions stormy desire
spring forth
POEMS IN RAZOR WIRE
with yet another lesson learned
        as slowly the wheels of justice turn
and as the world turns
if you play with fire you just might get burned
but i must share all these words
and the heart in the words
these words are birds
and they fly above the razor wire
my guardian angel is a mockingbird
justice is a mockery
and this prison is
a grim hotel

JAILBIRD

sweating
like a whore in church
in a jailhouse
in the West Texas desert
i'm like Kurt Vonnegut
i'm a jailbird
and you ask me
what kind of bird doesn't fly
well, the bird who doesn't try

is my only reply
and so now i press
my pencil lead to the page
and pour forth my outlaw heart's
lonely rage
from deep
from within side
its rusty bird cage
full of dusty spider webs
of emotions i must convey
and a million things i'd like to say
to your face
as i sit
in this room of
concrete and steel
and ask myself
how the hell i got
here

is it because i like to drink a few beers?
is it because i walk through those mushroom fields?
is it because i like to smoke a little weed?
or is it because of this life that i lead?
or for some other forgotten dirty deed?

either way
The Man wants to send me
to the pen for two years
He wants to infect me
with His hate and His fear
or maybe
He can rape away
my love for cold beers
or if nothing else
He'll just steal
my mother's tears
or maybe
He'll just shank me in
the neck with
a pen…

The Man wants me to kill or be killed…

because i have a dream like Martin Luther King
because i have a dream like John F. and Robert Kennedy
because i see a light at the end of the tunnel
but now i realize it's a train…

with 173rd District Court printed on its side
in red, white, and blue letters…

but He'll never have this bird by the feathers…

because my words are my weapon.

A SEASON IN JAIL

locked up
inside this gloomy
        grey cell
where i'm sentenced to abide
i'm banished to dwell
in my mind the green pastures of life
before
        i
         fell
                faster
        into
a season in jail
        further faster
in the prisoner's parade
        is a sea of blood
for the sharks gone insane
or a flock of sea gulls
inside
        a stagnant steel cage
with my wings clipped and lips just to pray
        for my soul
stuck in concrete counting the days
        till parole
or a poet's pardon from the state-

FREE JEFF CALLAWAY

 -but today
i'm plagued by vague voices
louder than love and this blaring TV
        and i cant sleep
with these demons sleeping
right beside me these monster
murder meaning menacingly
        stealing other people's property
those vampires who try to beat
        the blood of me
and another year of this and i'll be crazy
but can you blame me?
when i'm just another number without a real
name in this sad sanitarium of sadistic sodomy

and pain, nameless faces just out to make a gain
locked up stuck for stealing the change or smoking
some crank or trying to make the big bank but
its just worth it, time dragging slowly in
the jailhouse pit and pendulum the pedophiles
play and then make parole
        after a few months stay…

SATAN HIMSELF IS MY CELL MATE

and gone is yet another day
        to the life of the Devil's blind date
in this house of the damned
        sealed my fate

DO NOT PASS GO, DO NOT COLLECT 200 DOLLARS

-but only sorrow and hollers

murder is in the mail
        and this is my tale
…a season in jail
is a season in hell…

SATORI IN PARIS, TEXAS

in a lonesome
hotel room in Paris, Texas
in exile from all that i love
apart from all that has left me drunk
staring into a Rusty Wallace Commemorative Can
of Miller Light as begin to realize
how i've wasted precious time on sour desserts
like how much a gram of methamphetamine is worth
instead of how much the Dixie Chicks might love
a Texas Poet

and now it's satori in Paris, Texas and i know it
because two roads have diverged in the woods
but only one can be chosen
and one left behind

after my woman done left me and my dog done died
and in the Texas penitentiary i spent some time
after i lost my house and my car and my mind
and finally i realize that i've wasted my time
on a monkey on my back that's chasing a white line

and now this satori in Paris, Texas is mine
and not Jack Kerouac's

so i drink down a tall can of Pabst and i swallow hard
and try to forget my book of blues and Big Sur sorrows
and how i almost lost my book of dreams
and my visions of Girard and Cody
to a silver spoon syringe sorority
and now my Maggie Cassidy wont even talk to me

so i need to kick soon or i'll be kicked
when i find a final fifty-thick fix too thick

before i get to see my sweet baby sister again
or tell her and my Mom and Dad i love them again
or finally find me the house, the wife and two kids
or just get drunk at the club with my closest friends
or write more Texas Outlaw Press chapbooks to print
or i enter my poem in the poetry contest and win
or i get to travel the world and see other continents
satori is i refuse to another fading trend
satori is to save my poetic life of sin
so that finally my hypodermic battle will end
and my new life can begin

then my triumphant return to Austin, Texas
can be penned…

THE LANDING STRIP

when
the times are tough
even the weekends can be rough
and Mondays become monotonous
just look where this 9 to 5 life has gotten us
searching for some smooth space
        where we can unwind
maybe drink some wine
in some sassy place
        where the girls are fine
        and they like to grind
and the grand spot
        where i can always get a grip
is in Austin, Texas
at The Landing Strip
        it's a long strange trip
to just sit back and sip

like the nights are so long, they just roll on
        they mix my drinks so strong that i'm mixed up
and i'm gone
i fall in love with every girl on every song
when they light up the stage and crank it up
        and everyone sings along
here comes my favorite girl Desire
        just stick this bill in her thong
and its on
and we're off
        to a dim lit table
        in the corner of the room
and i whisper into her ear she's so damn cute
she puts my head between her breasts
        and i can smell her sweet perfume
stiletto heels
        and fish-net stockings
she's like boom boom
for the big tips
she kisses me softly on the lips
and then she dips
way
        way
                down
                but then she bounces right back up
and she jumps
                right up into Daddy's lap
and i'm in love
                and all my dollars in her strap says
enough
my velveteen vixen
just might be
                an angel from above
                or some
elegant elixir of flesh for
this poor outlaw
an effeminate pink blessed
        box for my heart's casting call
crossed with a bit of animal raw
The Landing Strip has the loveliest strippers you ever
saw
and that's not all
i'd tell you the rest, my friend
but
it's last call

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

JEFF CALLAWAY was born in Athens, Texas in 1976. He was raised on Cedar Creek Lake. He was released from prison in Huntsville, Texas after serving time for possession of psilocybin mushrooms. He made a name for himself as a performing poet in Austin, Texas where he now resides and reads nightly at local venues. He has five chapbooks published by an independent publisher in Austin called Texas Outlaw Press. "PARTY FOULS AND OTHER ATROCITIES" is his first full length book of poems, but you can be assured there will be many more to come. As the poet would say, "much love, friends forever, remember the Alamo."

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